

bolder to chide you, for yours.

*Val.* In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

*Speed.* I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

*Val.* Last night she enioyn'd me,

To write some lines to one she loues.

*Speed.* And haue you?

*Val.* I haue.

*Speed.* Are they not lamely writt?

*Val.* No (Boy) but as well as I can do them:

Peace, here she comes.

*Speed.* Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet:  
Now will he interpret to her.

*Val.* Madam & Mistres, a thousand good-morrows.

*Speed.* Oh, 'giue ye-good-ey'n: hee's a million of manners.

*Sil.* Sir *Valentine*, and seruant, to you two thousand.

*Speed.* He should giue her interest: & she giues it him.

*Val.* As you inioynd me; I haue writ your Letter

Vnto the secret, nameles friend of yours:

Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,

But for my duty to your Ladiship. (done.)

*Sil.* I thanke you (gentle Seruant): 'tis very Clerkly.

*Val.* Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly-off:

For being ignorant to whom it goes,

I writ at randome, very doubtfully.

*Sil.* Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

*Val.* No (Madam) if it steed you, I will write

(Please you command) a thousand times as much:

And yet —

*Sil.* A pretty period: well: I ghesse the sequell;

And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.

And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:

Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

*Speed.* And yet you will: and yet, another yet.

*Val.* What meanes your Ladiship?

Do you not like it?

*Sil.* Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,

But (since vnwillingly) take them againe.

Nay, take them.

*Val.* Madam, they are for you.

*Sil.* I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request,

But I will none of them: they are for you:

I would haue had them writ more mouingly:

*Val.* Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another.

*Sil.* And when it's writ: for my sake read it ouer,

And if it please you, so: if not: why so?

*Val.* If it please me, (Madam?) what then?

*Sil.* Why if it please you, take it for your labour;

And so good-morrow Seruant. *Exit. Sil.*

*Speed.* Oh left vnfeene: inscrutable: inuisible,

As a nose on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a steeple:

My Master sues to her: and she hath taught her Tutor,

He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor:

Oh excellent deuise, was there euer heard a better?

That my master being scribe,

To himselfe, should write the Letter?

*Val.* How now Sir?

What are you reasoning with your selfe?

*Speed.* Nay: I was riming: 'tis you y haue the reason.

*Val.* To doe what?

*Speed.* To be a Spokef-man from Madam *Silvia*.

*Val.* To whom?

*Speed.* To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure.

*Val.* What figure?

*Speed.* By a Letter, I should say:

*Val.* Why she hath not writ to me?

*Speed.* What need she,

When shee hath made you write to your selfe?

Why, doe you not perceiue the iest?

*Val.* No, beleue me.

*Speed.* No beleueing you indeed sir:

But did you perceiue her earnest?

*Val.* She gaue me none, except an angry word.

*Speed.* Why she hath giuen you a Letter.

*Val.* That's the Letter I writ to her friend.

*Speed.* And y letter hath she deliuer'd, & there an end.

*Val.* I would it were no worse.

*Speed.* Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often haue you writ to her: and she in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not againe reply,

Or fearing els some messenger, y might her mind discouer

Her self hath taught her Loue himself, to write vnto her

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. (louer,

Why mufe you sir, 'tis dinner time.

*Val.* I haue dyn'd.

*Speed.* I, but hearken sir: though the *Cameleon* Loue

can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my

virtualls; and would faine haue meate: oh bee not like

your Mistresse, be moued, be moued. *Exeunt.*

## Scena secunda.

Enter *Prothemus*, *Julia*, *Panthion*.

*Pro.* Haue patience, gentle *Julia*:

*Jul.* I must where is no remedy.

*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will returne.

*Jul.* If you turne not: you will return the sooner:

Keepe this remembrance for thy *Julia*'s sake.

*Pro.* Why then wee'll make exchange;

Here, take you this.

*Jul.* And seale the bargain with a holy kisse.

*Pro.* Here is my hand, for my true constancie:

And when that howe ore-slips me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not (*Julia*) for thy sake,

The next ensuing howe, some foule mischance

Torment me for my Loues forgetfulness:

My father staies my comming: answer not:

The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,

That tide will stay me longer then I should,

*Julia*, farewell: what, gon without a word?

I, so true loue should doe: it cannot speake,

For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.

*Panth.* Sir *Prothemus*: you are staid for.

*Pro.* Goe: I come, I come:

Alas, this parting strikes poore Louers dumbe. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Tertia.

Enter *Lawnce*, *Panthion*.

*Lawnce.* Nay, 'twill bee this howe ere I haue done

weeping: all the kinde of the *Lawnces*: haue this very

fault: I haue receiu'd my proportion, like the prodigious

sonne,

Sonne, and am going with Sir *Prothemus* to the Imperialls

Court: I thinke *Crab* my dog, be the sowrest natured

dogge that liues: My Mother weeping: my Father

wayling: my Sister crying: our Maid howling: our

Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great

perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curie shedde

one teare: he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no

more pittie in him then a dogge: a few would haue wept

to haue seene our parting: why my Grandam hauing

no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blinde at my parting:

nay, Ile shew you the manner of it. This shooe is my fa-

ther: no, this left shooe is my father; no, no, this left

shooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee so neyther:

yes; it is so, it is so: it hath the worser sole: this shooe

with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father:

a veng'ance on't, there 'tis: Now sir, this staffe is my si-

ster: for, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as

small as a wand: this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the

dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge:

oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe: I; so, so: now

come I to my Father; Father, your blessing: now

should not the shooe speake a word for weeping:

now should I kisse my Father; well, hee weepes on:

Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speake

now, like a would-woman: well, I kisse her: why

there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath vp and downe:

Now come I to my sister; marke the moane she makes:

now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare: nor

speakes a word: but see how I lay the dust with my

teares.

*Panth.* *Lawnce*, away, away: a Boord: thy Master is

ship'd, and thou art to post after with oares; what's the

matter? why weepest thou man? away asse, you'l loofe

the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

*Lawnce.* It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the

vnkindest Tide, that euer any man tide.

*Panth.* What's the vnkindest tide?

*Lawnce.* Why, he that's tide here, *Crab* my dog.

*Panth.* Tut, man: I meane thou'l loofe the flood, and

in loofing the flood, loofe thy voyage, and in loofing thy

voyage, loofe thy Master, and in loofing thy Master,

loofe thy seruice, and in loofing thy seruice: — why

dost thou stop my mouth?

*Lawnce.* For feare thou shouldst loofe thy tongue.

*Panth.* Where should I loofe my tongue?

*Lawnce.* In thy Tale.

*Panth.* In thy Taile.

*Lawnce.* Loofe the Tide, and the voyage, and the Ma-

ster, and the seruice, and the tide: why man, if the Riuer

were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde

were downe, I could driue the boate with my sighes.

*Panth.* Come: come away man, I was sent to call

thee. *Exeunt.*

*Lawnce.* Sir: call me what thou dar'st.

*Panth.* Wilt thou goe?

*Lawnce.* Well, I will goe. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Quarta.

Enter *Valentine*, *Silvia*, *Thurio*, *Speed*, *Duke*, *Prothemus*.

*Sil.* Seruant.

*Val.* Mistris.

*Spec.* Master, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.

*Val.* I Boy, it's for loue.

*Spec.* Not of you.

*Val.* Of my Mistresse then.

*Spec.* 'Twere good you knockt him.

*Sil.* Seruant, you are sad.

*Val.* Indeed, Madam, I seeme so.

*Thur.* Seeme you that you are not?

*Val.* Hap'ly I doe.

*Thur.* So doe Counterfeits.

*Val.* So doe you.

*Thur.* What seeme I that I am not?

*Val.* Wife.

*Thur.* What instance of the contrary?

*Val.* Your folly.

*Thur.* And how quoad you my folly?

*Val.* I quoad it in your Ierkin.

*Thur.* My Ierkin is a doublet.

*Val.* Well then, Ile double your folly.

*Thur.* How?

*Sil.* What, angry, Sir *Thurio*, do you change colour?

*Val.* Giue him leaue, Madam, he is a kind of *Cameleon*.

*Thur.* That hath more minde to feed on your blood,

then liue in your ayre.

*Val.* You haue said Sir.

*Thur.* I Sir, and done too for this time.

*Val.* I know it wel sir, you alwaies end ere you begin.

*Sil.* A fine volly of words, gentlemē, & quickly shot off

*Val.* 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giuer.

*Sil.* Who is that Seruant?

*Val.* Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gaue the fire,

Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladiships lookes,

And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

*Thur.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall

make your wit bankrupt. (words)

*Val.* I know it well sir: you haue an *Exchequer* of

And I thinke, no other treasure to giue your followers:

For it appeares by their bare Liueries

That they liue by your bare words.

*Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more:

Here comes my father.

*Duke.* Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset.

Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health,

What say you to a Letter from your friends

Of much good newes?

*Val.* My Lord, I will be thankfull,

To any happy messenger from thence.

*Duke.* Know ye *Don Antonio*, your Countryman?

*Val.* I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman

To be of worth, and worthy estimation,

And not without desert so well reputed.

*Duke.* Hath he not a Sonne?

*Val.* I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deserues

The honor, and regard of such a father.

*Duke.* You know him well?

*Val.* I knew him as my selfe: for from our Infancie

We haue conuerst, and spent our howres together,

And though my selfe haue bene an idle Trewant,

Omitting the sweet benefit of time

To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection:

Yet hath Sir *Prothemus* (for that's his name)

Made vse, and faire adu